

THE UNCERTAIN ENTERTAINMENT

It is not known whether a guitar will play this evening, as it is not known whether its player will attend the concert, which no one is sure has been scheduled for this evening, or if the schedule still stands.

All over the city people are ripping up sidewalks, upending buses, shredding policemen, in search of tickets.

"Give us some fun or we'll give you some ruin," is heard more and more frequently.

In a secret place, the city fathers congregate, tearing their scanty hair, frantically ministering to something which could be a sick guitar.

A GOOD IMPRESSION

A wig thought it would do better without its person, so it got up fifteen minutes early and flew to work, six feet off the ground.

"Looking a little pale, Spewbroth," was the only comment as the wig zipped to its person's desk and began giving dictation.

There was a commotion minutes later, but the secretary shut the door and the wig kept dictating until noon.

"What was all the fuss, J.B.?" the wig asked the boss at lunch, with a confidence Spewbroth had always lacked.

"Some crazy little bald guy kept rushing your office. Claimed he was you. We disembowelled him." J.B. answered, noticing for the first time Spewbroth's superb head of hair.

"Disembowelled?" gasped the wig, visibly shaken.

"Wouldn't a double amputation have been enough?"

"Well, why take chances?" said J.B., impressed all the same by Spewbroth's ability to be compassionate without being soft.

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

had booked passage to New York on a Greyhound bus. Being travel-wise, he had picked a pair of seats, pretending to fall asleep across both, so no one would sit by him.

His plan worked perfectly. The bus eased into the rainy night with Conan sitting pretty. Lots of legroom, no asshole neighbor to disrupt his reading practice.

Conan had gone civilized. Scotch had it all over the best Nemedian ale. Quiche Lorraine beat hell out of

joint-of-beef. Playboy Bunnies and Penthouse Pets made Red Sonja and Belit, Queen of the Black Coast, look pretty lame. (Not to mention smell.)

He switched on his reading light. Nothing.

He switched the light for his extra seat. Still nothing.

All over the bus happy people were switching their reading lights on, settling back to pass the long hours profitably, enjoyably, while he sat swathed in gloom.

There was not one other empty seat.

"Well, they can't blame me this time," Conan growled to himself as he loosened his tie, stood up, and felt around in his golf bag for his sword.

THE CENTAUR

"Here, here, you can't reserve these!"

"My legs? But they're private property! I just took them off to rest them. See, I left my pants on them so no one would think them abandoned. The pants are 30-31 -- my size, I can prove it. The legs have a small crescent-shaped scar on the"

"Tough tit, shorty. They're mine now. Call it squatter's rights. Better the strong have all than all have too little."

"Well I must say, this is a hell of a life! If it doesn't improve soon, I'll demand my money back," scolds a torso, wriggling towards a door marked MANAGER as a 4-legged man whinnies, leaps a 10-foot fence, and with a clatter of leather hoofs, is gone.

WHAT THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR

After he'd waited in the checkout line for an hour and 26 minutes, it was discovered he was 6,774 dollars short.

"6,774 dollars!" he exclaimed with a show of surprise, though he was not surprised, he'd been afraid he'd be short -- though not that short -- though maybe even shorter, since the register was probably rigged. They mostly were. But he could never make an accusation stick.

"What will I do? How will I face the disgrace?" he wailed. "Couldn't you let me go? If I swear it won't happen again?"

"Impossible," the old checkout lady stated flatly. "However," she added in an undertone, "young man, I like your face. I have a son with a very ugly face, and I'm sure he'd like it too. So give me your face, swear a blood-oath to secrecy, and you're off the hook."